

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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JAPANESE WATERPROOFS.

IN the picture you see three young Japanese walking out in a rain-storm. The middle one is clothed only in his usual dress, but holding a queer-looking umbrella over his head. It is made of oiled paper, but this renders it light, and it keeps the rain off just as well as though it were made of silk, and the owner is just as well pleased with it.

The other two persons, instead of carrying umbrellas, wear strange-looking hats and waterproofs. Those queerly shaped hats are made of closely braided bamboo, and the water slips off them as easily as it does off the roofs of our houses. Those waterproofs, which are still queerer looking than the hats, and seem like straw matting ravelled out on one side, are made of reeds. They are not handsome, any more than the waterproofs that American ladies wear, but they shed the water nicely. Do you see that these Japanese have sandals on their feet instead of shoes and stockings? They are made of straw, and so are the bands that fasten them to the feet. "In Japan," says a writer on that country, "the sandals must always be left outside the door. The floors are covered with soft matting four inches thick. This mat is bed, carpet, table, and sofa.

They sleep on it, walk over it, eat off it, and sit on it; so when people begin housekeeping, all the furniture they need is a straw mat and a few cups." This saves a great deal of trouble, and we should think that the children would like it better than nice furniture which they cannot touch without being scolded.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the birth of this remarkable man will occur on the seventh of the present month, he having been born April 7, 1780. The event will be suitably commemorated in Newport, R. I., his native place; in Boston, where he lived for forty years, and was minister of a large and influential society; in Brooklyn, Chicago, and other places. In Newport, the corner-stone of a church edifice in memory of him will be laid. In Boston, on Sunday, April 4, there will be a Children's Channing Service, in which five of the Unitarian Sunday schools of the city will unite.


Two new lives of Channing will also mark the centennial of his birth. One of these, written by Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of Newport, has just been published by Roberts Brothers; the other, a compilation from the three volumes of memoirs prepared by Rev. W. H. Channing many years ago, will be published in a few days by the American Unitarian Association. We shall notice both of these books and give extracts from them in our next number. We will say here, however, of Mr. Brooks's volume, that it is extremely neat in appearance, well illustrated, and designed to interest and instruct young people as well as old.

For The Dayspring.

RECREATIONS OF A SENIOR CLASS.

BY WALTER N. EVANS.

[This article is the substance of a Saturday afternoon lesson to the older scholars in the Sunday School of the Church of the Messiah, Montreal.]

 STUDENT of nature, walking along the southern shores of Lake Ontario, observes certain large boulders, in their appearance unlike any of the rocks to be found in their immediate neighborhood. He asks himself whence they came, and how were they brought here? — for he does not jump at the conclusion that they grew there, or always were there, or got there by accident: neither does he say, "It is a matter of no consequence, why should I trouble myself about it." He sees in these great boulders an invitation to inquiry; and so he sets to work; and in the course of his labors finds that the only place whence they can have come is the mountain in Montreal, some 270 miles distant. An examination of this mountain shows that large quantities of it have, at some distant period, been carried away. But in what direction, and by what means? The inquirer visits the quarries within a mile or two of the mountain; and where the limestone has been laid bare of its covering of earth, sand, and clay, he finds its flat surface marked with deep grooves, which have been made by the movement of heavy, hard masses over it. He sees similar marks made to-day by the movement of ice; and believing in the stability of law, he infers that the grooves on the limestone have been made by the passage of enormous masses of ice over it. These lines or grooves show the direction in which the ice moved. Following that direction, the mountain pre-

sents a large obstacle; but the force of the ice was so great that the mountain was fractured, and the icebergs carried forward the fragments they had broken off into warmer regions; and though the immovable mountain turned the glaciers slightly aside from their direct course, it was but *very slightly*; for, following almost exactly the direction of the lines traced upon the limestone, we come to the southern shores of Lake Ontario, where a somewhat increased warmth in those glacial days caused the great icebergs to deposit the heaviest of their burden; and therefore here we find the immense pieces broken off from the top of the Montreal mountain. *The geologist observed an effect, and did not rest till he had discovered an adequate cause.*

Again. When a traveller from this or any other country visits England he is met by officers of the government, who satisfy themselves that he is not carrying into the country certain dutiable articles, without paying the proper contribution to the government. In England the articles so laid under contribution are very few. The traveller from Europe to our American shores finds every thing he possesses laid under contribution, if brought in large quantities. From these facts we infer that as each country has laws which are thus brought under our notice, so each country must have law-makers; and we infer a great difference in the spirit of the law-makers of these different countries, from the difference in the laws they enact. The restrictions thus placed upon articles imported into either country indicate at once that of these two great commercial nations, the one acts upon principles known as "free-trade," the other on principles known as "protection." In all other respects these two nations appear to be free and hospitable, generous and unsuspecting.

In approaching some of the European countries, however, not only are similar duties exacted, but certain officers require to examine an official document (a passport) duly authenticated, setting forth the name, age, country, personal appearance, and other particulars of the traveller; and from this we infer that the law-makers here are of a spirit quite different from those of the other countries we have named: suspicious, afraid of some underlying evil, secret, inquisitive. From this you will see how *a careful study of an effect gives us information of the nature or spirit of the cause.*

One more fact in illustration. The learned Fabricius ab Aquapendente of Padua in the course of his studies discovered that there were valves in the veins; but the interesting subject received no further attention till his pupil Harvey, reasoning that these delicately constructed valves would not exist except for some useful purpose, was led to investigate the matter more thoroughly, and so discovered the circulation of the blood. In this case, *knowledge of a fact, and confidence in the wisdom of the Originator of that fact, led to the discovery of the ultimate intention of the Originator.*

To sum up, then, the points arrived at by our investigations so far, we may say that, *First*, when we observe an effect, we infer an adequate cause; *Second*, from the nature of the effect we may infer the nature or spirit of the cause; and *Third*, reasoning from the effect seen, with confidence in the causer, we are led to investigations and discoveries of the intention of the causer.

Following the system of reasoning thus laid down, let us look round on the physical world in which we are placed. It is too large for our investigation as a whole.

Let us then take a portion of it, — a very small portion, — and ask what it can teach us. Under the microscope I place the wing of a fly. Look at its powerful muscles; its strong framework; observe the extreme lightness of its material; see how beautifully it reflects the rays of light, giving us all the colors of the rainbow. Examine it when lying at rest in its natural position; listen to its music as it bears its owner through the air, making 600 strokes in a second, which carry it five yards (and if alarmed, its speed can be increased to thirty-five feet in a second). Where can you find any thing more exactly adapted to the use for which it was intended? Did it become so adapted by accident? Has the highest intellect of man ever yet constructed a machine which will bear his body through the air, in any direction, at his will? No! With the completed machine before him, in all the diversified forms of bird and insect life; with earnest desire to copy; and after years of industrious endeavor, man has failed to construct such a machine. It required Omnipotence to make the little specimen now lying before us. Omniscience alone could know all the requirements of the myriads of winged creatures; and nothing short of Boundless Love would so tenderly adapt all their different circumstances, and watch over and care for all, so that without His knowledge not even a sparrow falls.

Was there ever a time when we can conceive of the absence of such a Designer as we believe God to be? Look at this slide, covered with what appears to be a slight dust. Place it under the microscope, and see the beautiful shells that are revealed. It is simply a little chalk. Much of the sea-bottom is covered with an ooze to-day, that is composed largely of just such shells as you see here. During ages we cannot

estimate, these before us have been imbedded in the chalk. Look at their beautiful chambers. And can you see on some of them the minute perforations that give them their name of the "Foraminifera"? Could the tiny creature that built this beautiful home be reproduced to-day, with all its capacities developed, by the wisest man that lives? You know it could not. Again, infinite power, wisdom, and love are required. That power, wisdom, and love we call God!

Look at the dark brown mark upon this slide. The microscope reveals veins and cells of beautiful form. It is like wood, you say. It was wood once; it is coal. In fancy let us see one of our utilitarian friends of to-day placed upon the damp and slimy knoll where this grew, beneath the sunny rays which shone upon this wood in its growth. We can hear him ask, "Why all this waste of light and heat? Why all this rank vegetable growth, when there is scarcely a sentient creature to enjoy it?" This evolution of heat from the sun, this growth of plant and tree, are all within the ken of Him who "doeth all things well;" and to make endurable our winter's cold and our northern darkness. He again unfolds the light and heat evolved from the sun in those far-off days, and enclosed for our use in the great coal-fields spread all over the world. Has man in his wisest hours been able to prepare beforehand such boundless treasures for his dependent children?

To what conclusion, then, do our thought and observation of to-day lead us? Is it not to this; viz., that we see in the universe around us evidences of some mighty Designer, some loving and all-powerful Being, who is the Creator and the Preserver of all? Without Him nothing could be that is, "for of Him, and through

Him, and to Him are all things." That all-powerful Designer, that loving Being, that Creator and Preserver we call God; and Jesus has taught us that God is "Our Father"!

MONTREAL, February, 1880.

For The Dayspring.

TO THE CHILDREN.

Now which of you knows
How many pink toes
Grow on Baby Fred's feet in little straight rows?
How many big ones,
And how many small?
How many pink toes has Baby in all?
Which toe is the first
That comes peeping out
The little worn shoe, and goes staring about,
Nodding to this one,
And nodding to that,
Looking so cunning, so pink, and so fat,
With little white cap
On its plump little head,
Looking as though it were just out of bed?
And papa looks blue
When he sees Baby's shoe,
And seems at a loss to know what to do;
So takes it away,
Without any delay,
And gives it at once to old Cobbler Grey,
Who looks very queer,
And says, with a sneer,
"That's none of my work: that wasn't bought here.
I use silver tips,
And my work never rips,
And they will outlast a dozen such chips."
He looks at the shoe,
Finds the toe is quite through,
And says, "I will patch it, and then make it do."
Meanwhile Baby Fred,
With cheeks rosy red,
Is playing at home, nor cares what is said;
Kisses bare foot
With cherry-red lips,
Regardless of shoe, even with silver tips.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

For The Dayspring.

ALICE'S FIRST VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

BY ELMER LYNNDÉ.



LITTLE Alice came running in one day, her golden curls flying, and her little round face all aglow with excitement, and called as loud as she could, —

“Mamma! mamma!”

Mamma was in the kitchen making pies and frying doughnuts, not forgetting the little baby pie for Alice that she had scalloped so beautifully and adorned with a tiny bird right on top. Of course it was not a real live bird, but a make-believe one of dough, with its mouth wide open and looking just ready to sing “Yankee Doodle.”

Not only was this delightful looking pie for Alice, but floating around in a large frying-pan on the fire was something that looked very much like an Indian pappoose (which you know is a little brown baby), but it was only a doughnut after all, and made to be eaten as much as any thing else good.

The delightful odors and mamma's voice from the kitchen attracted Alice and she flew in, knocking kitty over in her hurry, and running bump up against Bridget, who, taken by surprise, dropped the plate she was wiping, which broke into so many pieces that she stood looking at them perfectly bewildered.

“Oh, 'scuse me, Bridget,” said Alice, “I've awful sorry.”

“What is it, darling?” said mamma, turning round. “Has my little girl gone crazy?”

“No, mamma, but your little girl wants to go and see chickens and cows and trees and little kittens and every thing. Minnie

Page says she's had a splendid time and rode on a load of hay, and the pigs ran away with her hat, and — oh, mamma, it's so nice!”

“Well, darling, I think myself that a little taste of country life would do you good, so when papa comes home we will talk it over, and if he thinks best we will try to find some place where you can see all the cows and pigs and chickens you want to.”

It seems that papa had been thinking that country air was just what a little wide-awake girl five years old needed to keep her well and strong, so he was very ready, at mamma's suggestion, to go out in search of a good country farmhouse.

He spent one day away from home and returned to tell mamma and Alice all about a quiet, comfortable place where they could have a large, comfortable room indoors and outside all the pure country air they chose.

They started on their journey one fine morning, and as the cars rushed past houses, and fields, and woods, and ponds filled with water lilies that flashed on the sight like fallen stars, Alice was almost beside herself with joy.

When they reached the station, in her eagerness to get off the cars, she came near tumbling on a very nice little nose; but a good-natured Irishman caught her, and as he placed her on the platform told her “she was a swate little cratur,” but seemed to be rather “onsteady like” in her head.

Alice had no time to contradict this remark, for her papa took her up in his arms and carried her to a wagon that stood near, and then put mamma in, and a trunk and a bundle and a basket.

This wagon had been taken over to the depot by Mr. Slimmons, at whose house they were going to board.

Alice kept her eyes wide open and her

mouth too, for all along from babyhood up that little feature was very seldom shut.

She questioned Mr. Slimmons about the pigs and other animals, and talked so fast that all Mr. Slimmons got a chance to say in reply was, "Waal, I guess so."

The old horse poked along at a sort of jog-trot pace which he must have inherited from his parents, for most horses nowadays would turn up their noses at such a slow proceeding. The old fellow must have needed a pair of spectacles, for when they reached the gate he was going right through without waiting for Mr. Slimmons to open it.

Finally horse and wagon and Alice and all brought up before a large, comfortable-looking house, and there on the front piazza in a little rocking-chair sat a little girl. Her face was almost entirely hidden by a very large sunbonnet which looked large enough to be her mother's. A little brown curl lay on her shoulder and looked so full of sunshine that you felt as if you wanted to see the little face to which it belonged.

No sooner, however, had the old horse come to a full stop than the little rocking-chair in which the owner had been rocking backwards and forwards with all her might was deserted, and the little brown curl and sunbonnet had disappeared.

Alice was very much disappointed, for her heart had opened right away to the little maiden who was too shy to get acquainted with very easily, and could only be seen by snatches for a day or two.

But after awhile Alice and Sadie became very good friends over the chickens which grew about as thick as berries over the farm. They were of all ages from the little baby chicken of a day old to the comfortable-looking old hen that had probably entered upon her second summer.

As Alice stood one day calling "Chick! chick! chick!"—and at the same time scattering crumbs around her, a little voice very near her said,—

"Do you love chickens?"

"Why, yes, course I do," said Alice. And then the children got acquainted right away, and Sadie told Alice all about them and how nice it was to know them by name.

The children walked around for awhile with their arms around each other until they came to a place under a large tree where a great many little sticks were planted so firmly in the ground that they looked almost as if they grew there.

"What are these little sticks here for?" said Alice, as she commenced pulling them up.

"They're graves," said Sadie, "poor little chickens' graves. Don't pull 'em up, Alice, 'cause then I can't tell where Brownie and Bantam and Snowball are all of them buried."

"Did the chickens die?" asked Alice, almost ready to shed tears over the melancholy little place.

"No, they didn't die," said Sadie, "but we eated them."

"Oh, my," said Alice, "I don't care any thing about them then. I like live chicks better," and she commenced scattering crumbs again from the little piece of bread she still had in her pocket.

The children enjoyed each other's company very much, and played together from morning until night, never angry but always ready to give up to each other.

One day Alice came into the house some time before dinner and said, "Mamma, I'm tired; I want to play I was a little chicken and you were the old mother hen, and I got under your wing just this way and went to sleep," and she crawled into

the folds of her mother's dress, and giving one or two little peeps as real chickens do, settled herself down for a little chicken nap, and was soon fast asleep.

The nap did not prove to be a very short one, and when mamma came to look at her little chick she was quite frightened, for each cheek had a bright rosy spot on it, and the little hands were very feverish. When the Doctor came he said that Alice had the scarlet fever, and must be very closely watched, and kept from taking cold.

Sadie missed Alice very much, and wandered around very lonely and miserable. Even the chickens seemed to have no charm for her.

But one day after Alice had been sick for two or three weeks, and so very ill that she could hardly bear to speak or have any one speak to her, she brightened up and began to talk a little, and wanted mamma to sing sweet hymns to her, and repeat beautiful verses from the Bible.

She loved especially to hear, —

“Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.”

Her mother explained the words to her, telling how the Saviour loved wicked Jerusalem so much that he wept over it, and how much he loves little children.

By the time that Alice was well enough to travel, the beautiful autumn days had come, and papa said it was high time for them to go back to the city.

So, rather sorry to leave Sadie and all, she said good-by, and went back to her dear home in the city, which looked ever so much nicer, she thought, than when she went away.

THE HATEFUL BIRD.

IN the picture on the next page you see a bird which has a nice, sheltered nest in the trunk of an old tree. A finer place for a nest no one ever saw. The top of the tree has been sawn off, and a piece of plank put over the hollow trunk for a roof. A hole has been bored in the side for the birds to go in and out. Below the hole a dead limb of the tree forms a perch on which the birds can sun themselves. One bird can be seen in the nest, and we dare say that if we could get a better chance to look in we should see three or four little young birds, or some cunning little eggs.

What a hateful bird that must be just above the nest, trying to drive the owner of it away. It is plain enough that he has no right to the nest, but wants to steal it. We do not know the name of this mean bird, but we wish we did, that we might tell you.

We hope that none of the boys and girls who read “The Day-spring” will ever show such a spirit as is shown by the bird that is trying to steal another's nest and break up a happy home. Learn, now that you are young, to respect the rights and feelings of others, and to gain whatever you may have in an honorable way.



For The Dayspring.

CHARLIE'S CHESTNUTTING.

RY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

MUST I go to school to-day, mother?" said Charlie Wells, a bright autumn morning, as he pushed back his plate, and rose from the table, having despatched a large pile of buckwheat cakes, a slice of steak, and a tumbler of rich milk.

"Why not, Charlie?" his mother asked, in a tone of surprise. "You are not sick, surely. You have eaten a hearty breakfast."

"No, ma'am; but — but — I'm tired studying, and it's such a nice day — and I do so want to go into the woods for chestnuts. Let me have a holiday, please, just this once, and I won't ask again this term."

"No, Charlie; I cannot let you lose your schooling for any such reason. Saturday is not far off."

"But, mother, the chestnuts will be picked by that time. I heard some boys talking about them yesterday."

"I think you are mistaken. In fact, we have not had frost enough yet to open the burrs, and you would get few or none. But, in any case, I cannot consent; and you know, Charlie, you would not have asked your father, if he had been at home. Now hurry; it is almost school-time."

Charlie knew that his request was unreasonable; but, in rather an ill-natured mood, he started for school.

He had walked about half way, when he saw, lounging on the bridge, two boys with whom his father had positively forbidden him to associate. It was not that they were poor. Will Turner and Fred Pierson were quite as poor as they, but they went regularly to school and church, and would

not lie or swear. Charlie was allowed to invite them to visit him, and accustomed to do them a kindness whenever he could.

But Tom and Jim, as they were usually called, were profane, ill-mannered boys. They were motherless, and growing up almost without restraint. Their father was absent at work most of the time, tired when he came home, and had little oversight of them. He supposed they were in school; but they went or stayed away, as it happened, and when there were so idle and mischievous that the teacher could not help a feeling of relief when they did not come.

"Hulloa, Charlie!" they shouted, as he approached. "Where are you bound?"

"To school, of course," he answered, without stopping.

"Here, wait a bit;" and Tom laid his rough hand on Charlie's shoulder, as he was about to pass them. "We're in for a jolly time, — off to the woods, as we said last night. You're a fool if you don't come along. It isn't every boy we'd ask. Never mind old bumble-bee, — let him buzz over his dry books, and come with us. You can just go home at noon, as you always do, and they'll be none the wiser."

Charlie's conscience roused at the tempting voice, and told him plainly that he ought to refuse instantly and manfully, and go right on to school without any parley; that by waiting to talk with those boys, he was disobeying his parents, and allowing himself to be led into temptation. But he lingered; and though he refused it was in a weak, wavering way, and the two foxes saw their advantage. They pushed it to the utmost. They coaxed and wheedled, and at last ridiculed him.

"Never mind," said Tom, moving off; "let's go without him. Run on to school, little boy, — there's a duck. If 'your

mother knows you're out' after school-time, you'll get—you know what."

Charlie was weak enough to be foiled by this.

"I'm not afraid, I'll have you to know," he said, starting in the direction of the woods. Ah! he did not see the look of malicious triumph the two boys exchanged.

He went on, but with an uneasy feeling that he could not shake off. Tom and Jim were rather quiet till they were out of the village, and crossing the fields. Then they began telling coarse stories, and singing low songs. Jim took a match and a stump of an old cigar out of his pocket, and began puffing away. The smoke made Charlie cough, and, as he took out his handkerchief, Tom espied a red apple. Instantly his dirty hand was thrust into the pocket, and came out with two large, beautiful Baldwins which Charlie had taken to eat at recess.

"Hullo! Jim, here's luck," he shouted. "One for you, and one for me."

And the two *gentlemen* munched away, before Charlie's face, not offering him a taste of his own apples.

As to the chestnuts, he soon found his mother was right. There were scarcely any burrs opened as yet. The bright morning, too, had lost all its charms for him. The thought of his disobedience and deception clouded the sunlight, and changed the murmur of the pines to a sorrowful sound.

He was half inclined to turn back; but it was past school-time, he had no excuse to offer for tardiness, and the boys still lured him on, telling him there was a place not far off, where the chestnuts were abundant.

"We went over there last night, didn't we, Jim?" said Tom, with a sly look.

"Yes," was answered. "No time to pick them—thought we'd come to-day—wouldn't tell any boy but you"

"But where is it?" Charlie asked.

"Oh, just a piece that way," said Jim, pointing, "over the hill there."

They climbed the hill; on and on they went, but with no better success; till Charlie was really tired, and besides, began to feel perplexed as to the direction they were taking. He was in a part of the woods where he had never been before; there was no cart-path, or any thing by which to mark the way; they had turned to the right and left many times, and wandered about till he was completely bewildered. He stopped and declared he would not go farther.

"We shan't get back by noon, boys," he said; "see how high the sun is!"

"Of course not, greeny," they answered with a loud laugh; "who said we would?"

Charlie's face wore a dismayed expression.

The boys laughed again.

"You told me," he began—

"Oh, what signifies? Of course we told you any thing to get you along."

"Here's a jolly place for hide and seek," said Jim, suddenly. "Come, Charlie, let's have a game."

He looked slyly at Tom as he said this; and in another moment, the two boys were off among the trees and thick underbrush, shouting to Charlie, but going farther and farther from him. In vain he called and then entreated them to come back. They had thrown off disguise, and only laughed and ridiculed him.

Charlie was ashamed to cry, but it was hard to refrain from it. He tried for a long time to find his way out, but he had no clew, and every effort seemed only to bring him deeper into the forest. It was past noon, and the sun was very hot. He was tired, hungry, thirsty, and utterly disheartened. Bitterly, indeed, he repented having disobeyed and deceived his kind

father and mother. By painful experience he was learning what it would have been better for him to take on trust, — that they sought his real welfare, and their counsels were wiser than his wishes.

After awhile, he came upon a little brook, singing along its quiet way in the glad sunlight. He knelt down beside it, and scooped up the clear, cool water with his hands. How good it was! He was hungry, heated, and tired, even to faintness; but this gave him new strength, and he toiled on, for two hours more, but without success. He seemed no nearer home than when he began; indeed, for aught he knew, he might be farther off.

He was suffering keenly from hunger, and the woods were already growing dark. His heart throbbed heavily at the thought of staying all night alone in the damp, chilly wood; and all the stories he had ever read or heard of wild beasts and robbers came crowding to his mind. Dark clouds were rolling up from the west, crossed, now and then, by flashes of lightning. Thunder rolled heavily in the distance, and in a little time the rain poured down, soaking his clothes and chilling him through, while the wind swept the boughs madly to and fro. Charlie was utterly exhausted. Trembling in every limb, he threw himself down on the wet turf, and was soon asleep.

He slept far into evening. The rain ceased, the clouds scattered, and about nine o'clock the moon rose. But only a faint glimmer of light made its way through the thick woods. The first thing Charlie knew, he felt something cold against his face, and could just discern a large, black animal, standing over him, its white teeth gleaming in the dim light.

"A bear!" he thought, and grew faint with terror.

There were no bears within a hundred

miles; but the boy was worn out and nervous, and just awaked. He could not move, for fear. But in another moment, a shout rang on the air, and the beast lifted his head and *barked!* A quick, glad bark, as if he would say, —

"I've found him! Here he is!"

Did ever a more joyful sound greet Charlie's ears! He now recognized the dog as one belonging to a neighbor.

"It's Rover!" he exclaimed. "Rover, good dog, you'll show me the way home, won't you?"

He rose and tried to follow the dog, but chilled, cramped, and exhausted as he was, he found it no easy task to make his way among the stumps and brush.

The shouts were repeated again, and answered by both boy and dog. And in a few moments, two men came in sight, — Charlie's own father, and the friend whose dog had done such good service.

You can imagine what anxiety the parents had suffered, when night drew on, and the storm arose, and still Charlie did not come. They had but one clew to guide them in searching for him, his request in the morning. But it proved the true one; and he was found, — a wiser boy than when he left home.

During the day, the thought of detection and expected punishment had greatly troubled Charlie, and would, of itself, have been sufficient to spoil any pleasure. But his father said little of his conduct, for he knew Charlie had already suffered severely, and was likely to be sick in consequence. And so it proved.

The next morning the poor boy was unable to leave his bed. The doctor came, and said he had taken a heavy cold, and would have a run of fever.

Two weeks later, while he was still a prisoner in his own room, his school-mates

formed a nutting party, and went to the woods, a bright, warm Saturday. They carried dinner-baskets, and had a picnic on the borders of a beautiful lake. They came home with baskets and bags well filled with ripe chestnuts. And poor Charlie had only himself to blame that he had lost it all.

For The Dayspring.

THE BOASTFUL ROBIN.

BY MRS. SARAH M. WYMAN.

"HAVE you a nest?" asked robin red-breast,
Of a chattering chickadee.

"Oh, yes! In the hollow tree."
And wondrous wise the shining black eyes
Of the chickadee.

A blue-bird near, happening to hear,
Said, "Robin red-breast, have you?"

"Tu-re-lu, tu-re-lu, lu, lu,
In a clinging vine is a nest of mine,
Tu-re-lu, lu, lu.

"But you, poor bird, as I have heard,
Can never build your own.
A robin would rather have none,
Than feebly control a woodpecker's hole,
As you have done."

The vine-wreathed nest of robin red-breast
Is dashed against the pane,
And rent by winds in twain;
His mate is found, dripping and drowned
In the beating rain.

"Now, robin, you see," quoth Barbara Lee,
"You should not have boasted so;
The dear Lord doth never bestow
Like gifts on all. Yours may be small;
Mine, less, you know.

"God loveth best the peaceful nest,
Where little ones agree;
Nor will His favor be
Toward boasting birds, or unkind words
From you or me."

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE WATER-DROP.

BY TANNIE M. SCANDLIN.

THERE once lived in a rippling river a drop of cool, clear water. It had a great many brothers and sisters, for the whole river was made of drops of water like itself, and they used to have very merry times dancing and singing and sparkling along through the green fields, watering the grass and flowers, and making every thing fresh and beautiful.

One bright spring morning, after the heat of the sun and the warm April breezes had melted the ice from the banks of the stream, a sunbeam came dancing out of the sky and alighted right in the middle of the river. As soon as it alighted, all the drops of water began laughing and clapping their little hands for joy, for the sunbeams were so bright and happy, all the little water-drops liked to have them come to play with them. So for a time they played and danced together very merrily. But as the day grew warmer, and the great sun rose higher and higher in the sky, the little sunbeam knew it was time for her to fly away; so she told the little drop of water, who had been very busy, and kind to the flowers and its playmates during the morning, that she wanted a little water-drop to go away up into the sky with her, for the Gardener who took care of the earth and flowers wanted some drops of water to help Him.

The little drop was very happy at the thought of going away into the bright blue sky with the sunbeam, so it bade all its friends good-by, and the sunbeam took it gently in its arms and away they flew, way up, up, up, past the green fields, and over the trees, and above the church spires, up so high that the little water-drop thought

they must be going straight up to the sun, where the sunbeam lived. But after they had travelled on, and on, and on for a long time, the drop of water grew so very tired and sleepy that its little eyes shut tighter and tighter, till at last it was fast asleep.

How long it slept it never knew, but when it awoke it was lying on such a beautiful, white, fleecy cloud up in the bluesky, that for a moment it thought it must be asleep and dreaming. But soon it heard many little voices, and a great rushing and laughing, and on looking it saw a whole band of sparkling water-drops like itself, hurrying somewhere in a cloud much darker than the one it was on, and as it came nearer they all cried out with happy voices, "Oh, come with us, little water-drop, we're having such a nice ride!" So the little drop gave a jump when the cloud came near, and was soon in the carriage with the others, which was, he thought, just the nicest kind of a carriage he had ever heard of, for it was made of a soft, dark cloud, and they had the wind for a horse, and away they went faster, and faster, and faster through the sky, laughing and singing all the way, till, all of a sudden, they stopped quite near the earth, and over a beautiful garden. "Oh, let's jump out," they all cried, as they heard the birds singing, and saw the flowers nodding and beckoning for them to come down. So they all began to jump from the cloud; first they went slowly, but soon they went faster and faster, and as they fell they said, "patter, patter," which meant, "How do you do, little flowers and grasses, we've come to give you a drink of water." Well, some of them jumped into the lily-cups, and some fell among the rose-leaves, and some ran away into the ground as fast as they could go. But the drop that came from the river lay for a moment on the ground, not knowing just where to

go to. But soon, from way down in the ground, he heard a weak little voice saying, "I've pushed, and I've pushed, and I've pushed, but the earth is *so* dry, I can't get up." So the drop of water put his little ear down to the earth and listened, and put his little eye down to the earth and peeped, and then put his little mouth down to the earth and called just as loudly as he could, "What's the matter, little blade of grass?" And a tiny voice answered, "There's no one to give me a drink of water, and I'm warm and tired, and can't push away the earth, and get up into the sunlight." So the drop of water began giving the earth a drink, and the earth began to grow moist and to give the blade of grass a drink, and the blade of grass began slowly to lift its tender head, until at last it pushed the earth away and jumped up into the sunlight.

Then the drop of water went down into a dark crack in the ground, for it wanted to help other grasses or seeds to grow, and it rolled on and on, giving all the time so cheerfully that wherever it went it made every thing happy. At last it found, way down under the ground, a great many other drops of water who were hurrying away toward the sea. So they travelled on together for many days, growing larger and larger as other drops joined them, till they again entered the sunshine and became a great river, flowing by large cities, turning mill wheels, and carrying ships safely onward.

And after a very long journey they entered the ocean, where the little drop of water found all the brothers and sisters it had left way back among the green fields before it went into the sky with the sunbeam. For they had been all the time busy *too*, in giving to make others happy. So they all had a very merry time, they

were so glad to meet again; and they danced and sung till the sun set, and the stars came out to tell the little drops of water, as they do the little children, that it is time to go to sleep; so they wrapped their arms round each other, and put their white nightcaps on, and were soon far away in dreamland.

For The Dayspring.

THE FIRST ENGLISH PLATES.

WHEN we read of the days of "Good Queen Bess" in England, of the great men who lived and died in her reign, of the costly dresses worn at her court, and of the superb jewels given to her by the nobles anxious to gain her favor, we imagine scenes of splendor and luxury far surpassing any which modern days can show, forgetting, however, that people of the highest rank then lived without what we consider the common luxuries of every-day life. They had no carpets; rushes were strewn on the stone floors of their houses, and the fires in the large chimney places, big as they were, could only half warm the rooms; so that we may be sure even the queens and princesses shivered in winter and longed for warm summer weather. Only the very rich could have china of any description on their tables. It was brought from China, Italy, or Spain, and a real Chinese porcelain plate was considered valuable and rare enough for a present to a king or queen. Once when James I. went to Deptford to see a ship belonging to the famous East India Co. launched, the tables for the banquet which followed were set with porcelain, to show what splendid goods could be brought from the East. The English potters could only make coarse earthen-ware jugs, and these were so badly made that they were easily broken. Careless people lived then as now, and jugs were

so often broken that even the nobles could not afford to have them used in their houses. They had wooden plates and pewter cups, and drank their wine out of large leathern jugs, so that the French used to laugh at them, and say that the English drank their wine out of their boots. Now this state of things lasted a good while; at last, in 1720, an English potter, after many experiments, succeeded in making *stone-ware*, like the stone china we use now, only it was not nearly as fine. This potter was travelling from one part of Staffordshire to another, when he found that his horse was suffering with sore eyes. He asked the hostler at the inn where he stopped for the night what would help the poor beast, and was told to pulverize a flint stone, and apply the powder to the inflamed eyes. As he rubbed the powder between his fingers, the thought came into his mind that this mixed with clay would make better jugs and dishes than he could make with clay alone. As soon as he reached home he tried the experiment, and found that his wares were stronger and that it did not cost much more to grind the flint stone and add it to the clay. People were very glad to use this new kind of dishes, instead of the wooden platters, and from that time the English manufacture of earthen-ware steadily increased.

L. B.

LITTLE THINGS.

THE preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following: "Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly the farthest, and stay the longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts are the fullest; and little farms are the best tilled; little books are the most read; and little songs the most loved."

QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF LUKE, first published a little more than a year ago, has reached the second edition. The object of this book is to give the pupil a definite idea of the Life of Jesus as recorded in the third Gospel. The questions are well put, and designed, in most instances, to be answered in the language of the New Testament. Those concerning customs, opinions, &c., in the time of Jesus are answered, by the author, with great clearness and brevity, and valuable references are frequently given. It seems to us that for pupils about twelve years of age no better manual can be found.

THE April number of the "Sunday-School Lessons" contains Lessons XXXI.-XXXIV. of the series on the Teachings of Jesus. The titles of these four Lessons are: "Jesus at the Pharisee's House," "The Parable of the Good Samaritan," "A Warning against Covetousness," and "The Parable of the Fig-Tree." The whole series, containing forty-three Lessons, will be published in a neatly bound volume early in May. The ninth series of Lessons, to begin with the September number, will be on the Life of Jesus.

SUNDAY Schools having second-hand library-books, service-books, singing-books, or text-books, which they can spare, are solicited to send them to the office of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. We have frequent applications for such books, and can send them where they will be gratefully received and do good.

God loves to give, and he loves to have children give. He does not like to have them covetous; he does not like to see them hoard; so, when we learn to give, and love to give, we become like him.

Puzzles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A covering for the head.
2. A nymph of Paradise.
3. A part of a circle.
4. A place for skating.
5. A rule of order.
6. A feeling of weariness.
7. A bag
8. A kind of dagger.
9. A sprite.
10. A beautiful lily.
11. The strongest part of a castle.
12. The close of day.
13. Not far off.
14. An instrument used for cutting.

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SQUARE WORD.

1. Above.
2. A wand of justice.
3. A name for Ireland.
4. To tear asunder.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

CHARADE.

"Dayspring."

RIDDLE.

Grape-vine

SQUARE WORD.

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RUSE
AREA

THE DAYSPRING.

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